

# THE SWORD OF THE LORD

and of John R. Rice

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

An Independent Religious Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Sin, Modernism, and Denominational Overlordship

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## Pay Day--Some Day

BY C. B. HEDSTROM, CHAIRMAN OF CHICAGO (AND INTERNATIONAL) CHRISTIAN BUSINESS MEN'S COMMITTEE

(One message from the remarkable book, "Pay-Day--Some Day." Mr. Hedstrom has agreed to become a contributing editor to *The Sword of the Lord* and will furnish soon a remarkable series of articles which every reader will want to be sure and get.)

One of the first Bible verses my mother taught me as a child was: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." I believed that in my childhood days, I practiced it in the days of my youth. It never failed in the days of young manhood, and now in the afternoon of my life as I walk down the hillside surrounded by real friends and loved ones, I believe it more firmly than ever.

When I left the wholesale field and ventured into the retail shoe business I bought out a dealer who had been in business for some thirty years and it gave me a thrill to put a sign on the window that the place had changed hands, and then I added another sign which read: "This place will not be open Sundays. It is the Lord's Day." The opening day was a Thursday and I was waited upon by a committee of men who represented the business men of that neighborhood, who welcomed me to the street. They also invited me to join the association, and when I consented they told me I had to abide by the by-laws, and that included having my store open and closed certain evenings and also open on Sundays. Then I told them I could not join their co-operative association. "Do you see that sign?" and I pointed to the "Not open Sundays" card. "Yes, we noticed that," they added, "but no one can be successful by closing on Sundays, as the stores in this neighborhood transact about a third of their business on Sundays." (Friends will recall that some thirty years ago it was the general practice of all small communities to have all stores open Sundays.) When I was stubborn and added that I'd be ashamed to admit I couldn't make a living six days but had to use the seventh, they tried their level best to show me how everyone had a spirit of cooperation on this street and I was doomed to bankruptcy if I closed on Sunday, and they wanted a young man like myself to be successful, and the only way would be to cooperate to the fullest extent with this co-operative association that existed wholly for the benefit of the business men. (They surely represented the spirit of cooperation among themselves; one was a doctor, the other a druggist, and the third an undertaker—all they needed to make it complete was a preacher).

Now thirty years have passed into history with the many failures, bankruptcies and untold depressions that an up-town community has to pass through, and strange as it may seem, I'm the only business man left among those many hundreds who were in this famous up-town section some thirty years ago who is still in business. And stranger still is the fact that I have three stores instead of one and during this time never had financial trouble or lawsuits. I admit it has been a struggle and my boat has gone through storms of testing, but it has stood the test. "Oh," you say, "you are simply a better business man than the others." Thanks, it feels good to have kind words said regarding

one's ability, but the facts are that I knew of many excellent stores on the street and owners who were far superior to me when it came to knowledge, money and general ability, but you see I had a Partner who never knew of failure, and Jesus is still my Partner, and He never fails.

After going through four years of hardships in this country, conditions such as it would be useless to even mention, as it would sound unbelievable to children in this present age, I was fortunate to get a job in one of Chicago's large department stores. The pay was not for a willing fellow of sixteen, but it was better than the other jobs I had had. Mother's eczema had gotten worse so we moved into a little larger flat and took in more boarders and this new pay helped to relieve my hard-working mother. After working for some time in the stock room I sought a promotion, and with mother's help, succeeded in having the friends who sort of made our home their Thursday headquarters (the servant girls who had their off-day) to come down-town and ask for me when they needed shoes. This was so successful that every Thursday I would have many call for me until the boss decided that I was worth more down in the department selling shoes than up in the stock room, so he told me to put on a good suit every Thursday and take my place with the clerks. This worked so well that I began asking friends to come also on Satur-

Dr. S. A. Barnes,  
Presiding Elder of  
Methodist Church,  
Ft. Worth District,  
Writes About "The  
Sword of the Lord"

July 21, 1939

Dear Dr. Rice:

I enjoy and read your paper. You are on the right line. Enclosed \$1.00 per your offer. With all good wishes, and God bless you and your work.

Your brother,  
(Signed) S. A. Barnes.

days, and by and by I also became a Saturday salesman, until I was made a regular salesman.

One day a lady came and bought a pair of shoes and as I handed her the package to receive her money, she asked me what size they were and I told her, "Size eight." She heatedly remarked that she didn't wear such a big size. "Well," I said, "what size do you wear?" and she replied, "Size five." "Well, I can give you a size five," I added, but she refused and would not take them. "They fit all right and they are the style I want, but remember, young man, I don't wear any such size as that." (Years ago the women took special pride in having small feet, so the dealers marked the shoes with French sizes, various marks, that people could not read and then marked them with pencil on the bottoms with two

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## Jewish Persecution And Bible Prophecies

New Pamphlet By  
Editor Now Ready

One of the strangest and most alarming facts of the current world affairs is the growth of Jewish persecution. What does it mean? Editor John R. Rice has written a pamphlet, "Jewish Persecution and Bible Prophecies," which has been published by Fundamental Truth Publishers and is now on sale. There are forty-eight pages, seven chapters. This book answers the following questions:

1. Why Does Satan Cause Persecution of the Jews?
2. Why Does God Permit It?
3. How Long Will It Continue?
4. What Will Happen to Jewish Enemies?
5. Will the Dictator-Complex End Up in a Jewish-Hating Antichrist?
6. When Will True Christians and True Jews Unite?
7. Is the Long-Expected Jewish Messiah Coming?

There are remarkable quotations, a poem from an unknown Christian, and Mark Twain's appraisal of the Jew. There are many, many Scriptures. Every lover of Israel will want one. I wish a million copies could be put in the hands of Jews who are troubled about persecution. Let us pray that many Jews will be led to Christ by this book which explains Jewish persecution in the only possible way, by the Bible.

Attractive leatherette paper cover, price postpaid, 25c. Order from The Sword Book Room, 207 South Beckley, Dallas, Texas.

## Rev. Robert J. Wells, Waterloo, Iowa, Conducts Revival in Webster, Wis.

The following letter which is self-explanatory, was received last week from Rev. K. C. Meyer of Webster Baptist Church, Webster, Wisconsin. The letter is as follows:

"July 26, 1939

"Brother John R. Rice

"Dear Brother:

"June the 4th you answered my letter, recommending to us Dr. Robert J. Wells, and he came and the meetings have closed and Brother Wells is back in Waterloo.

"We feel we owe to you our thanks for ever suggesting Brother Wells. We have learned to know a real man of God. Our meetings began July 10th and were well attended from the very first meetings until closing meeting Sunday, July 23rd. Everybody took to Bob. They showed it by their continued attendance each night. Souls were saved, and we rejoiced very much in this. Brother Wells preached the Word, no stories as evangelists are so prone to use to persuade men. He spoke with all freedom from the Bible, straight-forward and right to the point. He applied the messages to men, and we rejoiced at his frank and outspoken way.

"We count it a great privilege to have known Brother Wells and desire his ministry again. We prayed for a number of souls and greatly rejoiced in their faith for salvation. The last Sunday of the campaign was surely a great day. Sunday morning at the close of the service, two young people accepted the Lord. In the afternoon a great crowd gathered at the Clam River Park to witness a baptismal service when thirty-one persons were immersed, confessing their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It was a day of rejoicing for the church as well as the individuals who were baptized. The last message that Brother Wells brought was on 'The Great White Throne,' and was very impressive. We praise God for Brother Robert Wells and wish that he would devote his services in evangelistic work, for we need this kind of ministry. May God bless him, and his ministry. Thanks to Brother Rice for recommending him to us.

"In the Master's service,  
(Signed) "K. C. Meyer."

We hope this earnest man of God, fine soul winner and Bible teacher will be kept busy in revivals whenever he can be spared from his prosperous work at Burton Avenue Baptist Church at Waterloo, Iowa.

that some things are too little to pray about, but they are not too little to worry about. There are some things you do not pray about, but you fret about them. You know, the Lord says, "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. 4:6, R.V.). You are not to pray just when your home is about to be sold, not just pray when your wife and children are sick and about to die, but in everything. God is a God of details, and He knows and He cares. He cares

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## FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND OXEN

Does God Take Note of Our Needs and Troubles? Will God Care For Us When We Trust Him? Will God Pay Us When We Work For Him?

(Stenographically reported sermon of Dr. John R. Rice, Sunday morning, July 30, 1939).

(Scriptures read: Luke 12:4-9; 22:34; Matthew 10:29-33; Matthew 6:25-34; I Corinthians 9:9, 10).

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"

"But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."

"Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?"

"Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind."

"For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father know-

eth that ye have need of these things."

"But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Luke 12:6, 7, 24, 27-31.

"For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen?"

"Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that ploweth shall plow in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope."

—I Corinthians 9:9, 10.

There are three things I want to lay on your hearts: *lilies, sparrows and oxen.*

Does God Care About Sparrows?

We will consider first of all the sparrows. The Scripture says, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" Brother preacher, when we first begin to preach, we often use the same illustrations. Jesus used illustrations. He said, "When you sell a sparrow, you get one farthing for two sparrows." Another time He said, "When you sell more than that, you give five sparrows for two farthings." In one case there was one illustration and in another there was an illustration very similar. Sparrows are very cheap, aren't they?

Few people thought that for the

least bit of money there is in the world, the smallest piece there is, one of those would buy two sparrows. In our case the least money we have is a penny, but if we had a mill like the tax money, with that we could buy two sparrows. And if you had two of them, you could buy five sparrows. The Jews set their nets around the eaves of the houses, and the sparrows could be caught easily in the nets or traps. One could buy sparrows two for a farthing. But Jesus said, "Do you know that not one sparrow ever gets caught but God knows it? And not one sparrow ever falls to the ground but He knows it?"

We come down the sidewalk and see a sparrow dead. We do not know what parasite or tick killed it, or maybe it was some disease. We do not know, but God knows. And you don't care, but God cares! God takes note of sparrows. Sparrows are so unimportant that if a Jew sells two of them, and then a fellow wants two more, the Jew would say, "All right, I will give you another one free." He just throws in one free. But God cares about that extra sparrow. "That is the way I care," God says. And then Jesus said, "If God cares for sparrows and you are worth more than fowls, He will care for you." This question, then, for Christians this morning. Does God care about me? Let's put it this way, making it more definite. Does God take note of me and my sorrows and my troubles? We have a feeling



## FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND OXEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

so much that He says the very hairs of your head are all numbered. God knows how many hairs are in your head. Not one hair falls when you comb your hair without His knowing about it. Take this little girl, Honey, when you combed your hair this morning before you started to Sunday School, maybe one little blond hair came out of your head with the comb. Did it. "Yes." God knows about that. He said, "Gabriel, change your record. This little girl has only so many hairs now. Start some more growing." God says that He keeps up with our hairs and knows how many we have. He cares and watches about our hair. You say, "Does God care that much?" Yes, He says God cares about sparrows and God counts the very hairs of your head. They are all numbered. There isn't anything too small for God. Nearly all our fret is about little things. Isn't that so? Nearly all of it is about little things. Listen. Brother Harris, if you had six little girls and just one little girl (it doesn't take all six), should chew half a stick of gum and leave it in the seat of your chair, and you sat down on it that would be enough to fret you more than if you lost fifty dollars. Isn't it strange? Most of our troubles are little ones. Maybe in a double sense. But aren't most troubles small troubles? But they can run you crazy. Did you know when nervous people have, like the colored people said on the radio, a "nervous bust-down," it is nearly always about little frets and little worries which we do not take to God. God cares about little troubles, and let's take every one to God who cares and counts our hairs. You haven't anything so little, anything that worries or bothers you, but that God cares about it. If it worries you or bothers you, oh, God cares about it. I printed in my paper this week a part of a sermon I preached in January a year ago, and I call to mind this. One day when Mrs. Rice was out of town Mary Lloyds called the office and said, "Daddy, may I fry some potatoes for supper?" At our house fried potatoes are a great luxury. It takes a lot of potatoes when you peel them and slice them and fry them at our house and we do not have them very often. "All right, go ahead," I told her. After a while she phoned back and said, "Daddy, I am in trouble."

"What's the matter?" I asked. "I got two or three potatoes peeled and sliced and put them on to fry and started to peel some more, and we haven't any more potatoes."

"Go across to NuDeal Grocery and get some potatoes, and get a can of spinach, and I will come by and pay for them," I told her.

But I felt in my pockets, and I didn't have any money. The afternoon mail was brought to me, and somebody had sent in a subscription, and sent fifty cents extra, and said, "This is for Brother Rice to use as he wants to." When I got down to the NuDeal Grocery on

the way home and paid that forty-four cents I owed, I had six cents left. You know, I have prayed a lot of times, and got a lot of money; I have prayed and got fifty dollars, or a hundred dollars; I prayed last week and God's mercy made it so we could pay a bill we didn't think we could pay, that was the printing bill on *The Sword of the Lord*. I have prayed and God gave an average of thirty dollars a day for five months, but I had rather have that fifty cents that day, just to cover that little bill. That meant God said, "Don't worry, old boy, I am looking after your little needs." God cares for sparrows — the hairs of your head are all numbered. Take to God your burdens and sorrows. God knows every sharp word someone says to you. You do not have to talk back. Don't you worry, leave that to God. Don't you worry, every need you have, whether it is a big need or a little need, God remembers it.

You know the Lord thinks a lot of me. He has all my hairs counted. He knows everything about me, and just as sure, Brother Carpenter, as you have a shirt that is wearing out and you feel a little embarrassed about it, and just as sure as I have six little girls to buy shoes for, and just as sure as there are little details like that, God cares and knows all about it. God has your hairs counted, and not one sparrow falls to the ground without the Father knowing about it. Blessed be God who cares about little things and makes note about little things. Nothing is too big and nothing is too little for God.

Does Jesus care when my heart is pained  
Too deeply for mirth or song;  
And my sad heart aches till it  
nearly breaks,  
Is it aught to Him? Does He care?

O yes, He cares, I know He cares,  
His heart is touched with my grief.  
When the days are weary; the long  
nights dreary;  
I know my Saviour cares.

He cares about little things.

### If He Cares So For Sparrows, Then We Ought To Trust Him

Jesus made an application here in this scripture and I ought to make it, too. He said, "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

You know, when you come to a man and say, "Listen, you need Jesus."

But he says, "I would like to be a Christian but I do not see how I can."

"Well, why not?"

"I do not see how I can get by if I live as strict as a Christian should. I have got to make a living."

Then you can tell him, "But listen, He notes the sparrow's fall, and He has your hairs all numbered. He cares about you, and you can afford to trust Him."

God is God of detail. He is the God of the oceans and He holds

the sun in its place and He keeps the planets in their orbits. You can take a telescope and look out to the magnitudes and immensities of God, and prove there is a God. But you can take a little microscope and look into one drop of water and see the animal life, too small for man to see with his natural eye, and prove there is a God, too. God is a wonderful God that knows details, and God cares.

You could tell him, "And if God loved you enough for Christ to die for you and save you, don't you know He loves you enough to take care of the details of every day?"

Oh, why fret yourself? Why care? God cares, and He takes note about it. Don't you worry. If you really believed that, you would never get even with anybody. You would leave it to God to get even. He said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." If you believed that, you would never save up for tomorrow. God cares. Why save up for tomorrow? Let God worry about that. It is His worry, not mine. There is plenty of money in His treasury.

God cares for sparrows. If that is the kind of Saviour He is, I could trust that kind, I wouldn't be ashamed to claim that kind. If that is the kind of Saviour He is and if He loves me and He watches and not even one baby sparrow bird falls out of the nest but that He notes it and cares, then I can trust Him as my Saviour. You say it serves the sparrow right when it falls out of the nest. "I wish they were all dead," you say. "They stop up the gutters of my house and cover the place with fleas." If one falls out of the nest they made up there in the gutter of your house; "If the thing falls out," you say, "let it lay out there and die." You don't care. But I tell you, God cares. And I am glad He is that kind of a Saviour. Don't you think you could come and trust your soul with Him when He is like that? If He cares for sparrows, then He cares for brick layers, Mr. Hoover. Yes, He cares, and He knows. He is the God of the sparrow.

God loves the raven, too. The raven doesn't have barns to lay by food in, and doesn't have a bank account. Did you ever know of a crow that had a bank account? No. What will birds do in the winter, then? The Bible did not use the squirrel, because he co-operates and lays by nuts and everything he can get, but the Lord said, "I am going to use something that doesn't have barns and doesn't hide anything in a hollow tree, and doesn't have much sense. I will take the bird that lives from day to day and never lays anything by." God cares for birds, but God cares more for Harris than for any crow that ever lived or than any pretty field bird that God ever made. God cares, and He looks after details. You ought to be able to trust a Saviour like that with your soul. If you claim Him, then He will claim you.

### God Cares For Flowers, Too

The next thing is, God cares for the lilies. That is a little different, and I ask the question, "Does God take note about me and does He know my troubles and sorrows?" Yes, He knows. I will ask another question along that line. If I trust Him, will He care for me? I want you to know that it is a matter of faith. You say, "Faith is easy. I have lots of faith in God." Listen, faith is not a feeling; faith is risking something. Faith is something you cannot see but something you must trust.

I am reminded of a good preacher brother who wrote me the other day. He reads the paper, and was especially blessed by the article in *The Sword of the Lord* last week on "Five Reasons For Tithing." He told of bills that he needed to pay but he said, "I have made up my mind that you are right; I ought not to rob God to pay my bills. I am going to put God first and I believe He will help me pay my debts." He is a good preacher, too. He talked about an article he had in the *Defender Magazine*. "You convinced me I ought to tithe and I am going to do it," he said.

Listen, will God take care of me if I trust Him? That is real faith. You can't say you trust in God if you do not trust Him enough to tithe. To just say you have a good warm feeling in your heart toward God — that is not faith. If you trust, you try God out. Really

trusting God gets some things settled. If you live the same way, and your mind is on laying by for the future or on making a living, making money or all that, and you say, "I am trusting God," no, you are not. For the Lord says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal." The Bible even says, "Take no thought for the morrow." The Bible says, "Don't worry about what is coming tomorrow. Don't try to save up, and save up, and save up." Real faith says, "God is going to take care of me tomorrow." Someone says, "That business of staggering off into the dark — I can't see tomorrow, I don't know whether I will be well enough to work, I don't know whether I will have a job. I may have a doctor bill to pay, who knows? I had better save up for tomorrow." And God says, "Can't you trust me?" "I can't see whether God will do it," you say. And God says, "You must believe, you must trust me." It isn't faith if you do not live a different life. You are not really trusting God about your daily life. "If I risk Him, will He really look after me?" you say. God says, "Look at the lilies. See these lilies growing here, these wild flowers? Do you see how they grow? Aren't they lovely things?" From my childhood I have been fascinated with flowers, wild flowers particularly. I think they are lovely. I think God has never made anything prettier than a flower. Did you ever open up a flower and look down at the dainty colors, the pastel shades, the pistils that come up with their dainty pollen, how they are made and the sweet odor? Only God made the flowers. God loves flowers, for most of the flowers ever blooming on earth, most of them God is the only one to smell them and look down in their hearts and see their beauty. God must love flowers. That is the reason the poet said:

"Full many a gem of fairest rays  
unseen  
The dark unfathomed waves of  
ocean bear,  
And many a flower blooms to blush  
unseen  
And waste its fragrance on desert  
air."

God loves flowers, so God says, "Consider the flowers. Even Solomon in all his glory, as a king with robes of purple and scarlet, a crown of gold and a sceptre—even Solomon in all his glory wasn't dressed up as pretty as one of these flowers." You worry about something to wear. "O ye of lit-

tle faith," Jesus said. If God so clothed the grass of the field which tomorrow is withered and some one comes along and gathers it up and uses it to heat their oven, and it is burned up and gone, if God cares that much about the grass in the field, so lovely today and tomorrow gone — don't you know He cares for you? "O ye of little faith." Flowers do not get out and spin and toil and work. There is some virtue in working. There is some virtue in not being lazy. God is pleased with a fellow who is willing to work, but when work comes to be translated into covetousness, a lack of faith, and unbelief, then work becomes a sin. When I used to be in the Seminary at Fort Worth and I was then a college graduate and I would get out there on the campus and cut weeds for thirty cents an hour, and I would make enough to get us a little hamburger meat for the next day. We would have a soup bone one day and then in about a week we would have hamburger meat. It was always good when we would have soup bone, for we would have soup one day and hash the next! My wife would say, "Why do you work just enough to pay for what we have got to have right now? Why don't you go ahead while you have a little time and work?"

"No sir! God called me to preach. I will work what I have to work and the rest of the time I will put in studying my Bible and winning souls. I will not lay by any money. I am just hoeing incidentally to pay expenses, that is all I am doing."

A Christian ought to learn this. God says He takes care of flowers, and they do not spin, and do not sow, and they can't shop, and they do not have a bank account. And the flowers, look how pretty they are dressed. Then won't God clothe you, too? "O ye of little faith!" God says, "Take no thought what you will wear." You say, "I think a man who is a preacher ought to dress well," or "I think a woman who is a preacher's wife, or a Sunday-School teacher, ought to dress well," or you say, "I think I ought to dress nice and be respectable, and not have people thinking I am tramping." Don't you think God knows about that as much as you do? Let God worry about that. That is His worry. The God who cares for birds and flowers will care for you, too. That is His worry. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." I am not saying that you should go without decent clothes. I am saying, Let God do the worrying about decent clothes. I am

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## The Holy Spirit

### Who He Is and What He Does

By R. A. Torrey, D.D.

Dr. Torrey had the two necessary qualifications for writing about the Holy Spirit, the filling of the Spirit or baptism of the Spirit, the personality of the Holy Spirit, etc. First, he knew the Bible and was doubtless one of the greatest Bible teachers who ever lived. Second and more important, he himself was definitely filled with the Holy Spirit in such fashion that he won multiplied thousands to Christ and held the greatest revivals since D. L. Moody. The editor recommends this book with all his heart. It is scriptural, tender, informing. It will convict you of your need for power. It will show you how to have the power of God on your life. This book will make the Holy Spirit real to you. Written just before Dr. Torrey's death, it stops all controversy about his teaching. Published by Revell, this book has 201 pages, fine cloth binding. It should be in the hands of every preacher, every Sunday school teacher and every Christian possible. Fourth edition, postpaid only.....

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### THE SWORD BOOK ROOM

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### THE SWORD BOOK ROOM

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## FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND OXEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

not saying God doesn't want you to dress. I say, God will attend to this dressing. You attend to God's business and leave it to Him about food and clothes. Don't worry about it. God in His mercy is going to take care of flowers. And if He cares for flowers, He will care for anybody else who will look up to Him and drink the dew of God's Heaven and breathe the perfume of a consecrated life into God's air, God is going to breathe His blessing on the flower or on the Christian like that.

### God Takes Care of Oxen

Now here is another good scripture I read to you in First Corinthians, chapter nine, and this is a good one. What a comfort it is to my heart.

Let us read verses nine, ten, and eleven:

"For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen?"

"Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that ploweth should plow in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope.

"If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?"

And then let us read verse fourteen:

"Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel."

I will turn back in the Old Testament and find this scripture. It is in Deuteronomy 25:4. It is just one simple verse standing by itself. Nothing is said about it before or after. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." And now we have it quoted in the New Testament, "For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." We come on down through fifteen hundred years of time and now Paul reads it and the Holy Spirit tells Paul what it means. Paul said, "Listen, do you think God is caring for oxen?" I answer back, "Yes, God cares for oxen." Sure, He does. He cares for birds, and

He cares for flowers. He cares for the ravens. Doesn't that God care for oxen? He cares for donkeys. One time one donkey was mistreated, and God gave that donkey a mouth to talk back to the fellow, Balaam, who was beating her, and God said that a merciful man will be merciful to his beast. God cares for oxen, but He was not writing that for oxen. God said when you are getting ready to thrash out the grain, you cut it with a hand scythe and tie it with a bunch of straws. And then you lay it around in a circle, and yoke some oxen up together, you tie a string to a ring in the nose of one of the oxen and to a stake in the middle, and you let the oxen tread around and around on the grain. Now they are treading out the grain. When they get that all mashed out, you have to pitch it up and the wind will blow the trash away, and pitch it up again and the wind will blow some more away. After awhile you have it all winnowed, and you have the grain thrashed. Now then the oxen that are treading out the corn — I know how you feel. You say, I have gone out and cut all that grain by hand with a hand scythe to make wheat out of it and bread out of it, and I want to put a muzzle on these oxen. I can't let them be eating up all this wheat while they are tramping it out. But God says, "Don't do it." "Well, but they eat so much," you say. "Let them go ahead and eat," God says, "and you do what I tell you to do." So every Jew for fifteen hundred years that followed the Bible did not put a muzzle on his ox. Jews may have said, "My, these oxen will eat a whole bushel of wheat!" But they went on this way for fifteen hundred years, and then Paul said, "I will tell you what God is talking about. God wanted every burdened preacher to know that God cares about him and his family. God looks after him, and God says, 'Don't muzzle the preacher that works for you.'"

Don't you know you ought to let a preacher go unmuzzled if he treads out the corn of the gospel for you? God is not caring for oxen so much as He is caring for preachers.

Now, I come to answer the next question. Does God take thought of my sorrows and burdens? "Yes,

I do," God says. "I note every sparrow that falls."

The second question I ask is, "If I trust Him, will He care for me with food and clothes?" Yes, He clothes the lilies of the field so He will clothe you, "O ye of little faith."

But if I cut loose and work for Him, will He pay me? That is a question that comes many times in the Bible. Back yonder people drifted away in the Old Testament in the book of Malachi. They said, "It is vain to serve God." They said that it doesn't pay to serve Him. One preacher came to me who was about out of the ministry. He said, "I do not have any education and they will not pay me without an education." So he said, "It is vain to serve God."

Old Peter said the same thing. He said, "Lord, listen, I sure had a good fishing business. I will tell you, if I do say so myself, I had a humdinger of a fishing business. My dad, my brother and myself caught lots of fish and we made a good living. Jesus, you know I left my family and left my fishing business; in fact, I left everything; now what will I get for this?" Peter said, "You don't mind my asking, what are we going to get for this? We have left all and followed you." And Jesus said, "You twelve are going to sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." And everyone that hath forsaken houses or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life" (Matt. 19:29).

My wife went down on Zangs Street the other day and looked at a house. She said that some way God keeps putting it on her heart, and she just wondered — back there when we gave up a home in Fort Worth and moved to Dallas, a six or seven room brick veneer, we loved it so because we made it ourselves, just like we wanted it. We claimed the promise then, "If we leave houses or lands for His sake we will receive an hundredfold," and my wife said, "I wonder if God meant this house to be part of the hundredfold." I don't know, dear heart, whether that is what God meant, but don't worry, God means every bit of it.

If I work for God, will He pay me? If I leave all for Him will He pay me back? I answer back. God said, "Watch the oxen when they are treading out the corn. They do not have a muzzle on them."

I tell you, if you want to work for God, get to treading out the corn, and you will get some of the corn. You surely will. That is one reason I get a certain letter from Oklahoma, because there is a woman to whom I preached the gospel back yonder and she heard over radio WBAP, and was saved. And every now and then when we are just getting in a tight, God puts it in that dear woman's heart to send some money. Usually it is an uneven amount, because it is her tithe. If God didn't want a muzzle on the oxen, if you work for God, He is going to see that you get paid. Praise His name! Does God care for oxen? Yes, but he primarily cares about preachers. He cares about His workers. If you get out here and spend your time away from home and your business, working for God, how will you come out? I will tell you how. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." That is God's plan from the Word of God. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we believed it? Does God care for oxen? He said, "Don't muzzle the ox." The fellow that sows has a right to reap. If he sows spiritual things, he has a right to reap some carnal things. And I tell you, Nichols, it is a wonderful plan of God. If I had that kind of God, I would cut loose and go to preaching. I would head straight for a Bible School, and the God that cares for sparrows, the God that has all your hairs numbered — they are all counted — that same God knows about the lilies of the field, and He has plenty for you. He is the God that clothes the lilies, and He will do the same for you. He feeds the birds and He will feed you.

God does care for oxen. Yes, He wants them to have something to eat when they tread out the corn. If you had that kind of a Saviour, you could say, "All right, I will go on and serve God and

trust Him and live and work for that kind of a Saviour." Oh, God cares for birds and flowers and oxen, and God cares for His children. God cares for preachers. Bless His name! Why doesn't somebody say Hallelujah? That is a wonderful Saviour!

Does God take note of my sorrows and my burdens? Yes, He does. He cares about birds, and He cares for you.

Will God supply my need if I start out in the dark on His Word and risk Him? Yes, all these things shall be added unto you, the Scripture says.

Will God pay me if I work for Him? Yes, a hundredfold in houses and lands and brothers and sisters and mothers in this world and in the world to come a wonderful life. God will pay me because He cares for oxen and He will not allow anybody to muzzle the ox. You find a lot of folks that try to muzzle a preacher. But God doesn't want preachers muzzled, either about what they say, or about what they eat. If we have a God like that that cares for them, I could preach for that kind of a God. Yes, sir! I believe I could serve that kind of a God and risk Him to take care of the future. What a wonderful Saviour! God cares for us. God cares for sparrows, and so God cares for Christians.

Somebody says to me, "I am nothing but a poor widow." But if God cares for sparrows, He cares for widows. Or someone may say, "I am nothing but an orphan and I do not have anyone to take my part." God takes care of birds and He takes care of orphans. You are very poor, and if you do not work awfully hard, you will not make it. Don't depend on your working. Depend on God. I believe you ought to work, "but seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Somebody says, "Well, but listen. Is it really worth what it costs to be a preacher?" Yes, the God who will not allow a muzzle to be put on the ox will take care of you.

I have repeated it a good many times, but I want you to get it. It pays to serve God. You ought to say, "If that kind of a Saviour loves me like that, I will love Him and trust Him with all my heart, and claim Him as my Saviour."

## Two From Chicago Saved In Week Through Booklet, "What Must I Do To Be Saved?"

In one week we received two of the decision slips from the booklet, "What Must I Do To Be Saved?" signed by people in Chicago. We praise the Lord for the good this little booklet is doing. We are getting it out everywhere we can, and are hearing from souls saved through it all along. And we believe many more are finding Christ through this booklet who do not write to tell us so.

A free copy will be sent to anyone who writes for it.

## Assistant Pastor In Oklahoma

Rev. Joe B. Rice, assistant pastor of the Fundamental Baptist Church of Oak Cliff, is in his third week of revival services at Roosevelt, Oklahoma. Mr. Earl Armstrong of Waterloo, Iowa, has had charge of the singing.

The following letter was received Sunday.

"Dear John:

"I thought you would like to hear about services here. There have been nineteen who have come forward in the services so far. There have been ten or eleven others who have made professions in the homes. Seven of these have been in the vacation Bible school. The crowds have been growing until the last two nights. We have had showers here and they have hindered the crowds some. Last night one came forward as a backslider. Most of those who have come forward have been children.

"Christians here have taken little interest in the revival other than to come. It is hard to get them to sing and in many cases it is hard to get them out of the cars. I believe only two of them have done any personal work. The last day or two some of the children have done some personal work.

"I am in strange circumstances. The Fundamentalists think I am not a good Fundamentalist any more and the others do not know what to think of me. Tuesday night I plan to preach on, 'Am I A Fundamentalist?' I plan to tell them my position and theirs, too. I wish I could break down the ill feelings between the churches. I hit hard the other night.

"Our Bible school is doing fairly well. We are having from 50 to 70 children, besides some adults.

"I plan to be home to preach the Sunday you are gone. I plan to close here next Friday night. Please ask others to pray for the revival. Give them my love.

"Much love,  
(Signed) "Joe B. Rice."

I trust all the readers of "The Sword of the Lord" will pray for Brother Joe Rice as well as myself, that the Lord will use us to His glory, and "pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest." The Lord said to His disciples, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." These are challenging days and we must do what we can while we can, to bring others to Christ.

## Young Preacher Open For Pastorate

Rev. W. Lloyd Purser of 905½ W. Sixth Street, Corona, California, is open for pastoral or evangelistic work. He is twenty-three years old, married, is a graduate of Los Angeles Bible Institute class of '36, experienced in young people's and evangelistic work, wife is pianist and young people's worker. Are Baptists, can give good references.

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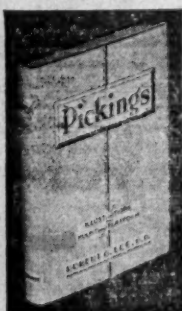
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**Pay-Day — Some Day**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

and three sizes smaller than they really were). She walked out on me and left me standing holding the shoes, and just then the boss walked in.

"What's the matter? Couldn't you fit her?" The boss kept questioning me until I became nervous. I asked him to let me tell him the story, at the conclusion of which he asked me why I didn't tell her they were a size five.

"Because I am a Christian and cannot tell lies," I answered.

"Then you're fired!" was his sudden come-back. "We want men who can produce here and can't use fellows like you who can't tell a lie in order to make a sale."

I wept as I told him of a sick mother who depended on every cent of my salary and asked if I might go back up to the stock room and work as a stock clerk again.

"Yes, I'll let you go up there, but you will have to be satisfied with the former small salary."

That day was one of the saddest

I have ever lived through. Even today it acts as a sort of nightmare as I again recall that heart-crushing moment when I handed over my salesbook at the counter with all the other clerks watching me in this moment of disgrace, with tears rolling down my cheeks as I walked from that shoe department, especially when I noticed the look of satisfaction on some of those ungodly clerks. As I walked past the book department I noticed a sign advertising Sheldon's new book, "In His Steps, or What Would Jesus Do?" I knew what Jesus would do. He oftentimes went up into the mountain to pray to His Father, so I decided to do the same, and I took the elevator up to the top floor and closed the door behind me in that stock room and threw myself against a shoe case and on my knees that afternoon I fought a battle with God alone. I began by arguing with God that after all it didn't pay. Here I had tried to seek first the kingdom of God, but I had lost my job by so doing. After all it didn't pay to be a Christian. Had I served the devil I would have had a job, etc. But before I got up from my praying position there was victory in my soul. I said to God, "I can't understand it, but I believe Your promises are true. I'll trust You even though I can't see it just now."

The trip home that day was a gloomy one. As I walked up the stairs in the rear of our tenement home I walked up very quietly and opened the door so carefully and skipped by mother as she stood by the kitchen stove and went into my room and shut the door. Mother thought it strange that I didn't greet her as usual, so she came after me. She asked me if I was sick, or if there was something

the matter with me, or if I had lost my job. I tried to evade all these questions, but you can't fool Mother. So at last I told her what had happened. Without a moment's hesitation she said, "Let's kneel down and pray." I shall never forget that prayer meeting. Mother just placed her loving arms around me, those arms that so often had carried me with tenderness when I was little, and those hands that had gotten rough and calloused for my comfort touched my tear-drenched face as she said, "Lord God, I thank Thee for my boy that I love with all my heart, and for the love he has for this unworthy mother by getting up in the early hours and walking those miles each morning and night, and now he has lost that position over which he has been so happy, but, Lord Jesus, we can do without butter on our bread and have meat less often, as long as my boy loves Jesus."

That's the kind of mothers to have. Two years passed by when one day the boss was caught stealing and was discharged. Someone had to be put in his place immediately until a permanent appointment could be made. Without knowing anything about it I was called down to the office and the general manager asked me, "Is your name Bennie?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen," I answered.

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Seven years," was my reply.

"How long have you worked here?"

"Three years," came my reply.

"Ever been fired here?"

"Yes, sir, twice. (I thought he was going to fire me the third time.)"

"What for?" he asked me.

"Once because I would not work on Sunday and the other because I would not tell a lie about a size."

He took me by the hand and I can yet see the smile on that red-whiskered face.

"I like you, young fellow."

Then he told me what had taken place.

"You are too young to have such a responsible position and then you haven't had proper schooling, but I somehow like your grit and principle. I'm going to give you a month's trial, or until I can find the right manager. Come down tomorrow with your best suit on and a white shirt and collar, because you will be in charge of the shoe department from tomorrow."

Here I was, the youngest shoe buyer State Street ever had had, in charge of some hundred and twenty clerks. I kept this position for two years, but because of overwork and evening studies at the Y.M.C.A. College to fit me for a business executive position, I contracted a serious sickness which made it necessary to give up inside work. When this became known to the officials of this great institution they made it possible for me to get an outside job representing a well known wholesale house, and paid me the same large salary that I was paid as buyer and manager.

When I took this traveling salesman's position I joined the Gideons, and one Sunday night I told this story in a Sunday night service conducted by this famous Christian traveling men's organization in the old Baptist Church on Chicago's North Side.

Twenty-five years later two ladies were in my store buying shoes when one of them asked what size they were. When I told her, the older of the two laughed. I asked her the reason for her smiles and she told me she could never go into a shoe store without thinking of an incident that took place years ago, when she sat in a church and heard a young fellow tell of losing a job as shoe salesman because he wouldn't lie about the size of a pair of shoes.

"Do you remember the name of that fellow?" I asked.

"No, I have often wished that I knew because I'm anxious to know

what ever happened to that fellow."

I got a real thrill out of asking her a few questions regarding that fellow, what he looked like, etc. So at last I bluntly said, "Would you like to meet him?"

"I sure would, because I am anxious to know just what God would do with a fellow like that."

"Well, madam, here he is, shake hands."

This elderly and saintly looking lady looked at me in astonishment for a moment, more so possibly because she had been my customer for many years, and then, forgetting the other people in the store, she removed her glasses, knelt down at the chair and as she wiped her tears she poured out her heart to God in thanksgiving. "Lord God, You know I have prayed for this man every day since I heard his testimony and You have heard that prayer. You have blessed him even more than I dared to pray for. Here he has two fine stores, a nice family and home and he is happy in the service of the King. It really pays to be a Christian."

My friends, here was one of God's saints who had interceded for me and God had answered her prayer.

Let me tell you something. Suppose that there were no hell to shun or Heaven to gain. Assuming that the grave ended it all, I still maintain that the best life to live is that of a Christian, because Christ pays well here, as well as hereafter. The devil mistreats his own here and torments them in the hereafter. Christ blesses His followers here and is preparing mansions in glory for them when traveling days are over.

"As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." It pays every time.

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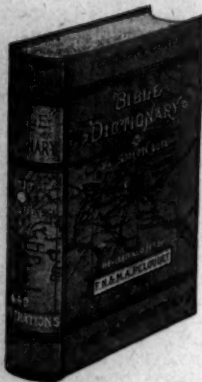
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